THE

Black's Lamentation

I Am a poor black it is true,
Love does invade me,
It hath proved my overthrow,
And diſtracted made me;
O Cupid kinder be,
And wound that fairer ſhe,
That now confineth me,
Here in new bedlam.

Ye Gods in nature great,
To die I'd rather,
Unleſs you pity take,
Make me a white creature;
For here I am confin'd in chains,
While my jewel doth me diſdain,
O come death and eaſe my pain,
Now in new bedlam.

Why do I here complain?
My chains I'll rend them,
And in my paſſion great
To her I'll ſend them;
I'll fly unto my dear,
Unleſs you bring her here,
That ſhe may eaſe my care,
Now in new bedlam.

I'll make me a ring of ſtraw,
None ſhall be neater,
I'll ſend it to my dear,
For to compleat her;
Who knows but ſhe may prove kind,
And be to love inclin'd,
And eaſe my troubled mind,
Now in new bedlam.

Hark how the pretty birds
Sing their pleaſant ditty,
Methinks in my behalf,
To make her pity;
Their pretty fluttering wings
Their joyful tidings brings,
She'll free me from theſe chains,
Now in new bedlam.

When firſt my love I plac'd,
With pure affection,
I little thought it would
Have prov'd my diſtraction;
If ſhe'd but wed with me,
How happy ſhould I be,
And gain my liberty,
Out of new bedlam.

Venus thou Queen of Love,
Send Cupid to her,
And let her for to know,
It is in your power
To wound her ſtubborn heart,
That acts this tragic part,
Of her true lover.

How happy are young men
That keep their freedom,
And never in love do truſt
A perjur'd woman;
For if they find you prize
Their handſome ſhape and eyes,
O how they tyrannize,
Young men ne'er heed them.